



FORTUNES OF SMILE.

THE
FORTUNES OF SMIKE,

OR A
SEQUEL TO NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

A DRAMA,
In Two Acts.

BY EDWARD STIRLING, Esq.

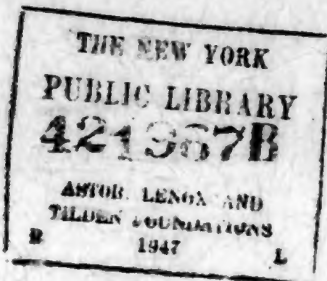
AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE JACKETS," "BACHELORS' BUTTONS,"
"ADELPHI NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," &c. &c. &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC
ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT,
AND RELATIVE POSITION OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,
BY PIERCE EGAN, THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN
DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON
SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
PATERNOSTER ROW.



"NASSAU STREAM PRESS,"
W. S. JOHNSON, 6, NASSAU STREET, SOHO.

DEDICATION.

"DEAR MRS. KEELEY,

"In dedicating this, the Sequel of a story, so universally popular—allow me to offer you my sincere thanks for the great pains and superior talent evinced in your delineation of the poor heart-stricken boy SMICK; the personation shed new lustre on the magic pen of BOZ; so gentle, so spirit-breathing, heart-suffering, yet so tuneful, eliciting alike our sympathy and admiration. A more perfect picture never was presented, and, Madam, may you, to use the words of an Eastern Sage 'Live a thousand years.'

"Yours truly,

"E. STIRLING."

"55, Pall-mall."

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First performed, Monday, March 2, 1840.

MR. RALPH NICKLEBY. Blue coat, green spencer, black waistcoat, grey pantaloons, Hessian boots..... } MR. CULLINGFORD.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. (1st dress.) Suit of black. (2nd dress.) Black frock coat, black waistcoat, and white trowsers..... } MR. SAVILLE.

MR. MANTALINI. (1st dress.) Green frock coat, coloured silk waistcoat, plaid trowsers, boots, white hat, and coloured satin stock. (2nd dress.) Dirty white trowsers, with black binding down sides, coloured waistcoat, and dirty shirt sleeves..... } MR. YATES.

JOHN BRODIE. (1st dress.) Drab coat, light waistcoat, cord smalls, top boots, low crowned hat. (2nd dress.) Change coat (green). } MR. BEVERLY.

NEWMAN NOGGS. Dark green coat, striped waistcoat, buff trowsers, small black gaiters, shoes, and dirty white cravat and old hat (ragged).... } MR. BUCKSTONZ.

BROOKER. Frock coat, black waistcoat, dark trowsers, old hat and shoes (dirty and ragged)..... } MR. MAYNARD.

SQUEERS. (1st dress.) Black coat, waistcoat, pantaloons, boots, low black hat, dark great coat. (2nd dress.) Change (old drab great coat)..... } MR. WILKINSON.

SNAWLEY. Black coat, waistcoat, pantaloons, and long gaiters, broad-brimmed low-crowned black hat, white cravat (stuffed)..... } Mr. E. H. BUTLER.

ARTHUR GRIDE. Green coat, white waistcoat, black pantaloons, short nankeen gaiters, and shoes..... } Mr. KING.

CRUMMLES. Dark coat, striped waistcoat, blue trowsers, stockings, shoes, and white cravat..... } Mr. P. BEDFORD.

CHAS. and NED CHERRYBLES (Brothers). Brown coats, white double-breasted waistcoats, nankeen smalls, and long nankeen gaiters, low broad-brimmed hats, white cravats, and shoes..... } Mr. HOLMES, and Mr. JOHNSON.

FRANK CHERRYBLES. Dark frock coat, light waistcoat, white trowsers, and boots..... } Mr. FREEDSON.

WHACKFORD SQUEERS. Dark jacket, white waistcoat, fustian trowsers, and cap—(Stuffed)..... } MASTER BRUNTON.

EXECUTIONER..... Mr. J. SHAW.

Guards, Labourers, Waiters, &c.

SMIKE. (1st dress.) Corderoy trowsers, black jacket with metal buttons, black stockings and shoes. (2nd dress.) Suit of black..... } Mrs. KEELEY.

MADAME MANTALINI. (1st dress.) Handsome modern dress, pink satin hat, white feather and velvet shawl. (2nd dress.) Cotton bedgown, black stuff petticoat, and cap... } Mr. FOSBROKE.

MRS. NICKLEBY. Mourning (widow's dress)..... } Miss O'NEIL.

KATE NICKLEBY. Mourning.... Miss M. A. LEE.

MRS. BRODIE. (1st dress.) Riding habit (green), and black hat. (2nd dress.) White muslin, trimmed with red riband..... } Miss GEORGE.

MISS SQUEERS. (1st dress.) Riding habit, brown beaver bonnet, green veil. }
 (2nd dress.) White muslin, and white bonnet. } MRS. GOWER.

MRS. DOBSON. Chintz gown, white apron, and cap. } MRS. JOHNSON.

MADELINE BRAY. Plain white muslin. }

PEG SLIDERSKEW. A common cotton, linsey-woollen petticoat, old cap—all dirty. } MRS. SANDERS.

MRS. CRUMMLES. MISS CATHIE.

Chambermaids, Servants, &c.

Time of representation, one hour and three quarters.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U.E.L. upper entrance, left. U.E.R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE FORTUNES OF SMIKE,

OR A

SEQUEL TO NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Behind the scenes of the Portsmouth Theatre at night—As the scene opens groups of persons, male and female, dressed in characters, pass across the stage—The CALL-BOY with a pot of paint—CARPENTERS with small set pieces—A very small CUPID and a DEVIL quarrelling—A guard of awkward supernumeraries, outre helmets, &c.—An officer conducting MRS. VINCENT CRUMMLES in tragic robes and chains to execution, when they pass over (supposed to enter on the stage), bursts of applause and clapping of hands are heard without.*

MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES rushes on F. E. L., in great agitation, calling for the executioner.

Cru. Where's the executioner? the peace'll be ruined; where is the villain? Buggins! Buggins!

Call-boy. (Rushes across the stage calling.) Mr. Buggins! Stage waiting! [Exit F. E. L.]

[CRUMMLES runs about the stage tearing his hair—
Great hissing heard.]

Cru. There, it's all up—the piece is damn'd—nobody to cut my wife's head off.

[CALL BOY runs on F. E. L. with the EXECUTIONER, in a desperate hurry—CRUMMLE throws his hat at him.]

Exe. Where's my axe? Who's got a chopper?

Cru. (Snatching up a spade.) Here, you scoundrel, take

this shovel; hide the handle under your cloak. (*Puts it under the EXECUTIONER'S cloak, and pushes him on to the stage, R.*)
Get on, get on!

[*The kissing subsides, and great applause is heard—CRUMMLES calling off as if to PROMPTER.*]

Fine him two months' salary, Mr. Grunt; he shall go. It is all right—toll the bell.

Rattle the chains.

[*The bell is 'ard tolling.*]
[*Chains are 'ard to rattle.*]

Huzza! huzza!

[*Great applause is heard—Bell rings, and calls for Mrs. CRUMMLES and the Author of the Piece, MR. JOHNSON.*]

Cru. (*Calling off R.*) Go on; go on, my dear boy; d—n modesty—one, two, three wreaths, and six bunches of laurel—the greatest hit since Mrs. Siddons and Shakspeare; all right, what a splendid poster to-morrow!

Enter NICHOLAS from stage, R.—CRUMMLES rushes into his arms and embraces him.

Cru. My dear boy, you've done it—splendid, beautiful—the piece'll run a week—your fortune's mad—we must follow it up—we'll have another out immediately—a show piece, with all the resources of the establishment—new and splendid scenery—a real pump and two washing tubs!

Nic. A pump and washing tubs in a drama!

Cru. To be sure, old fellow; I bought 'em cheap at a sale, and they'll come in admirably. That's the London plan—they look up some dresses and properties, and have a piece written to fit them.

Nic. Indeed!

Cru. Oh, yes—a common thing—look beautiful in the bills—large letters—real pump! splendid tubs!! great attraction! we'll read the piece on Monday—only three acts mind—

Nic. Upon my word, I don't think I can be ready by Monday morning.

Cru. Pooh, pooh! my boy.

Nic. I really can't—my invention is not equal to the task.

Cru. Invention! What the devil's that got to do with it?

Nic. Everything, my dear sir.

Cru. Nothing, my dear sir; don't you under French?

Nic. Perfectly well.

Cru. Very good. (*Taking a manuscript copy from his pocket.*) Then just turn that into English, and put your name on the title page. Da—me, if I hav'nt often sworn, that I wouldn't have a man, woman, or child in my company that wasn't master of the language, so that they may learn it from the original tongue, and act it in English, and by that means save all

this trouble and expense. Go to work ; remember you'll earn upwards of 11. 10s. this week—let that inspire you.

[*Exit hastily, F. E. L.*]

Nic. What a strange existence is mine, since I quitted London, and joined the theatrical profession. I've scarcely had time for a moment's reflection. Noggs's continued silence becomes the score of much uneasiness ; he promised to write to me here, under my assumed name of Johnson. I long to hear of my mother and Kate. I left them before I said good-bye ; it might appear cruel to them—but it was done to spare them the pain of leave-taking. Poor Kate, she is left entirely to the tender care of my uncle, Mr. Ralph Nickleby. Heaven help her. (*Stands thoughtfully.*)

Music—Enter SMIKE, F. E. L., he approaches NICHOLAS.

Smi. You are out of spirits to-night. (*Taking his hand.*)

Nic. Not I ; I was only thinking about my sister, Smike.

Smi. Sister ! Is she like you ?

Nic. They say so, only a great deal handsomer.

Smi. Shall I ever see her ?

Nic. To be sure, when we are rich, Smike.

Smi. How is it that you, who are so kind and good to me, have nobody to be kind to you ?

Nic. Why, it is a long story. I have an enemy—you understand what that is ?

Smi. Oh ! yes, I understand that. (*Shuddering.*)

Nic. Well, it is owing to him. My uncle, he is rich, and not so easily punished as your old enemy, Mr. Squeers—he is a villain, and has wronged me.

Smi. Has he—what is his name—tell me his name ?

Nic. Ralph Nickleby.

Smi. Ralph—Ralph Nickleby. I'll get that name by heart.

Nic. Poor boy. (*Shaking his hand.*) I'm afraid your memory is taxed too heavily already. You can scarcely learn the trifling parts allotted to you. I have almost resolved to quit the stage, and, on your account, endeavour to obtain other employment. Portsmouth being a sea-port, we might get something to do. I could make myself useful in many ways—so would you on board some ship.

Smi. Oh, yes ; I can milk a cow or groom a horse with any body. I learnt when I was there. (*Shudders.*)

Enter the CALL BOY, R., with a letter soiled and dirty.

Call-boy. A letter for you, Mr. Johnson, post-paid. (*Gives letter.*) The postman brought it.

[*Exit CALL BOY, R., whistling "Jolly Nose."*]

Nic. (*Opening letter.*) It is from Newman Noggs. Heaven send it brings good news; it's no easy matter to make out his writing. (*Reading.*) What's this? "My sister in danger—exposed to the vile schemes of a libertine." Poor girl—ah! your brother is not near to protect you. So, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, this is your loving kindness for your niece. I'll start for London at once. Smike put our things together—we must go.

Smi. Yes, I'm ready; shall we go to-night?

Nic. No, by the first coach in the morning; heaven knows I have remained here for the best—but even now, may have dallied too long.
[Exit SMIKE, F. E. L.]

Enter CRUMMLES, MRS. CRUMMLES, MASTER and MISS CRUMMLES, a part of the COMPANY, and the CALL BOY, F. E. L., and group round NICHOLAS.

Cru. We're all come to congratulate you, Johnson, my hero, on the success of your piece; it is a hit, a regular good 'un—and I publicly declare, that a better legitimate drama than the "Mortal Struggle, or, The Parish Pump," never was written. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we'll say good night—everybody to-morrow at ten for the *percession*: we shall read Mr. Johnson's next new spectacle, entitled "Love your brother, but don't give away your Shirt," on Monday next.

Nic. I'm afraid, dear sir, you will be disappointed—I must leave you immediately.

Cru. Leave me—impossible; what am I to do with the pump and washing tubs?

Nic. I must return to London to-morrow morning.

Om. Going!

Cru. It can't be; let me see, this is the Wednesday night—you cannot leave before Monday. We'll have posters out, announcing your positive last appearance for to-morrow—then another positively for Friday—a re-engagement for one night only, on Saturday, and a farewell benefit on Monday. A novelty would do wonders. You couldn't sing a comic song on a pony's back, could you?

Nic. No, I must return to London immediately—so, good-bye. (*Shaking CRUMMLES by the hand.*)

Cru. But can't we have "one last night?" think of the poster—red and blue letters—"Only one night in the Washing Tubs."

Nic. Not an hour, not a minute—set all I have earned this week against my sudden departure, take it, and with it my hearty thanks.

Cru. (*Embracing him.*) What, not take your money? Farewell my noble, my lion-hearted boy!

[*Music—Re-enter SMIKE with a small bundle, F. E. L.—The rest of the company come on from different entrances in their theatrical costumes—They form*

TABLEAU, No. 9 — *Shaking hands with NICHOLAS and SMICK—The company all except, F. E. L.—NICHOLAS and SMICK exit, F. E. L.*

SCENE II.—*A counting-house in RALPH NICKLEBY'S house—with a portrait of RALPH against the wall—A door and closet in flat—Chairs, desks, &c. on stage—A bell rings.*

Enter NEWMAN NOGGS from door in flat, violently agitated, and cracking his fingers.

Nog. Damn him for a false hound. I should have spoilt his ugly features yesterday, if I could have afforded it. I was very near it—I was obliged to put my hands in my pocket and keep 'em very tight—I shall do it some day, I know I shall (*squares*) expose the poor girl to the schemes of that rascal, Sir Mulberry Hawke. Ugh! will he! I'll double lock myself in with old Ralph, and have it out before I die. (*Squares.*) Never mind—I wrote to tell Nicholas—he'll be up to-night, ah! ah! I'll thwart Mr. Ralph yet, ho! ho! I, Newman Noggs, the rascal. (*Squares up to the portrait, and strikes it several times.*) There, that's done me good—now I'm better. (*Drinking from small case bottle.*) Oh, here he comes.

[*Hides behind door in flat.*

Enter RALPH NICKLEBY, door in flat, with a letter open in his hand—NOGGS slips out.

Ral. So, so, this devil is loose again, and thwarting me, as he was born to do at every turn. (*Reads letter.*) "Your brother's widow and her orphan child spurn the shelter of your roof, and shun you with disgust and loathing. You are an old man, and I leave you to the grave; may every recollection of your past life cling to your false heart, and cast their darkness on your death-bed, Nicholas Nickleby." (*Crushing the letter and tearing it.*) Hem! he told me once there should be a day of reckoning between us sooner or later. I'll make him a true prophet, for it shall surely come. Who's that?

Noggs peeps in at door in flat.

Nog. Me, your niece.

Ral. What of her?

Nog. She's here.

Ral. What does she want?

Nog. I don't know, shall I ask?

Ral. No, show her in.

[*Exit NOGGS, who returns immediately with KATE NICKLEBY—he places a chair for her, then goes out door in flat.*

Ral. Well—well, my dear, what now? [KATE weeps.
What is the matter? (*Seating himself.*)

Kate. The matter which brings me to you, sir, is one which should call the blood up in your cheeks, and make you burn to hear, as it does me to tell—I have been wronged, insulted by your friends.

Ral. There is some of that boy's blood in you I see.

Kate. I hope there is; I should be proud to know it. I have been roused to-day past endurance—I *will not*, as I am your brother's child, bear these insults longer.

Ral. Insults!

Kate. Remember what took place here, and ask yourself, uncle: you must, I am sure you will, release me from such vile and degrading companionship as I am exposed to now. I do not mean to be angry and violent; I have gone on day after day in the hope that this persecution would cease. I have had no counsellor—no one to protect me—my mother supposes that these are honourable men, rich and distinguished—and how can I, how can I undeceive her—the lady with whom you have placed me is not the person in whom I could confide, and I have come at last to you, the only friend I have at hand, almost the only friend I have at all, to entreat and implore you to assist me.

Ral. I can't stay it—we are connected in business; some girls would be proud to have such gallants at their feet.

Kate. Proud!

Ral. Yes; mind, I don't mean to say that you ought not to despise them—it's a dishonorable passion—it won't last long—in the mean time——

Kate. In the mean time, I am to be the scorn of my own sex, and the toy of the other; sunken in my own estimation, and degraded in every eye that looks upon me—no, not if I work my fingers to the bone, not if I'm driven to the roughest and hardest labour; do not mistake me, I will not disgrace your recommendation—I will remain in the house in which it placed me, until I am entitled to leave it by the terms of my engagement—though mind, I see those men no more—when I quit it I will hide myself from them and you, and striving to support my mother by hard service, I will live at least in peace, and trust in heaven to help me.

[Exit through door in flat.

Ral. I'm not the man to be moved by a pretty face—yet, there's something about that girl that I like. Now if that rascal Nicholas were hang'd, or her mother dead, this house should be her home: I'm almost sorry I threw her in the way of that lordling and Sir Mulberry Hawke.

[A loud double knock, and a bell ringing violently—
NEWMAN NOGGS pops his head on at the door in flat—
He has occasionally looked through the window of the door during the scene.

Nog. Mr. Mantalini is at the private door.

Ral. Very well—shew him in. [*Noggs retires again.*]

Man. (*Speaking without.*) What a demnition long time you have kept me ringing at that confounded old crack'd tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into blue convulsions, upon my life and soul—demmit! (*Enters.*) But, how are you, you look quite juvenile and jolly, demmit!

Ral. We are now alone, sir; what do you want with me?

Man. What do I want—ha! ha! demnition discount.

Ral. Hum! money is scarce.

Man. Dem'd scarce, or I shoudn't want it.

Ral. The times are bad. I don't want to do business just now; but, as you are a friend, how many bills have you?

Man. Two. (*Producing bills.*)

Ral. What's the gross amount?

Man. Demn'd trifling—five-and-seventy.

Ral. And the dates?

Man. Two months and four.

Ral. I'll do them for you—mind for you, I would'nt for many people for five-and-twenty pounds.

Man. Oh, demmit!

Ral. Will you take the money—is it a bargain—money down. (*Shewing a cash-box and rattling gold.*)

Man. Don't, don't, demmit; I can't bear the song of those demn'd goldfinches—take the bills.

[*RALPH counts twenty-five sovereigns into his hands—MANTALINI in receiving them drops one—As he is stooping to pick it up, NOGGS opens door in flat.*]

Enter MADAME MANTALINI.

Mad. M. Oh! you are here.

Man. Yes, my life and soul; I am here upon Tom Tidler's ground, picking up the demnition gold and silver.

Mad. M. I am ashamed of you, sir.

Man. Ashamed of me, my joy. It knows it is talking demn'd charming sweetness, but naughty fibs. It knows it is ashamed of its own poppolorum tibby.

Mad. M. (*Crosses to centre and sits.*) I am sorry to intrude myself upon you, Mr. Nickleby, but it is entirely attributable to the gross conduct of Mr. Mantalini.

Man. Of me, my essential juice of pine apple?

Mad. M. Of you, sir; his extravagance is beyond all bounds.

Ral. I should scarcely have supposed it.

Mad. M. He took some bills this morning out of my desk, and I have no doubt he came here to convert them into money.

Man. No, no, my sugar'd almond. (*Fitting a sovereign in one of his eyes, and winking with the other at RALPH, over his wife's head.*)

Mad. M. I have made up my mind to allowance him.

Man. To do what, my Barley Sugar Temple?

Mad. M. If he gets a 100*l.* a-year for his clothes and his pocket-money, he may consider himself a fortunate man.

Man. (*Sinking into a chair and groaning.*) Oh! it's a horrid dream—oh!

[TABLEAU, No. 11.]

Ral. A very judicious arrangement

MANTALINI groans.

Mad. M. You have brought it all on yourself, Alfred.

Man. (*Jumping up.*) I'm a demn'd villain—I will fill my pockets with change for a sovereign in halfpence, and drown myself in the Thames—but I'll not be angry with her even then, for I will put a note in the twopenny post as I go along, to tell her where to find me, and I'll p.p. my note—prepay it, then she will be a lovely widow, and I shall be a demn'd nobody.

Mad. M. Alfred, you cruel creature, don't—it breaks my heart to hear you talk of such a thing.

Man. Can I live to be mistrusted; demmit, no I can't—I would live upon dried hard bread and demn'd weak water, and I could water my water, but I can't live to be mistrusted by such divinity—no—no.

Mad. M. Ask Mr. Nickleby, whether the sum I have mentioned isn't a proper one.

Man. I don't want any sum—I shall require no demn'd allowance—I will be a body.

Mad. M. No, no, you shall have all you want, let us go home.

Man. We will, and I'll take Waterloo Bridge on my way back; lend me a demn'd penny, Nickleby.

[*Exit MANTALINI, hastily, door in flat.*]

Mad. M. (*Running after him.*) Love, love, you shall never be vexed again—have what you like, dear Alfred—you shall do as you like.

[*Exits after MANTALINI.*]

Ral. Bah! the fools! but they bring grist to my mill—so, let them live out their day, and the longer it is, the better for me.

Nog. (*Peeps on at the door.*) Are you at home?

Ral. No.

Nog. You're quite sure you're not at home?

Ral. What does the idiot mean?

Nog. A gentleman, and a young gentleman's waiting for you in the front office, that's all—ha! ha! (*Rubbing his hands.*) They've heard your voice.

Ral. Who has?

[*MR. SQUEERS pushes into the room, leading his son, MASTER WHACKFORD SQUEERS—NOGGS retires.*]

Squ. I have, Mr. Nickleby—how d've do, sir?

Ral. Why, this 'is a surprise—I should know your face, Mr. Squeers.

Squ. Ah! you'd have know'd it better, sir, if it hadn't been for all that I've been a going through—my son, sir, little Whackford—what do you think of him, sir, for a specimen of Dotheboys Hall feeding. Ain't he fit to bust out of his clothes, and start the seams, and make the very buttons fly off with his fatness? here's flesh, (*turning the Boy round and pinching him*)—here's firmness, here's solidness—you can hardly get up enough of him between your finger and thumb to pinch him anywheres. (*Pinches him.*)

Wha. (*Crying out.*) Don't father, you hurt.

Squ. Well, I had him there—but that's because we breakfasted early this morning, and he hasn't had his lunch yet; why, you couldn't shut a bit o' him in a door when he's had his dinner—look at them tears, sir, there's oiliness.

[WHACKFORD wipes his eyes.]

Ral. He looks well, indeed—pray how is Mrs. Squeers?

Squ. Mrs. Squeers, sir, is as she always is—a mother to them lads, and a blessing, and a comfort, and a joy to all them as knows her; lor! what a member of society that woman is—

Ral. And how are you—have you quite recovered that scoundrel's attack?

Squ. I've only just done it, if I've done it now; I was one blessed bruise, sir, from here to there. (*Touching the roots of his hair, and the tops of his boots.*) Vinegar and brown paper, vinegar and brown paper from morning to night. I suppose there was a matter of half a ream of brown paper stuck upon me from first to last, as I lay all of a heap in our kitchen, plastered all over—you might have thought I was a large brown paper parcel, choak full of nothing but groans; did I groan loud, Whackford, or did I groan soft?

Wha. Loud!

Squ. Was the boys sorry to see me in such a dreadful condition, or was they glad?

Wha. Glad!

Squ. Oh! (*Fiercely.*)

Wha. Sorry!

Squ. Oh! (*Striking WHACKFORD.*) Then take your hands out of your peckets, when you're asked a question.

Wha. (*Crying.*) I'll tell mother.

Squ. Hold your noise, sir, in a gentleman's office.

Ral. You have been shamefully treated, sir, by my nephew, shamefully.

Squ. You're right, and that's not all—I'm brought up to town from the bosom of my family, to defend a law suit against that young Pitcher's father, the chap that always

would catch the fever—he caught one too many at last, and died, and now his stupid relations brings an action against me for ill-usage.

Ral. A hard case.

Squ. You may say that, sir, for I don't suppose there's a man a going as possesses the fondness for youth that I do; there's youths to the amount of eight hundred pounds a-year at Dotheboys Hall at this present time. I'd take sixteen hundred pounds worth, if I could get them, and be as fond of every individual twenty pound among 'em as nothing should equal.

Ral. I should like to have a word with you privately, Mr. Squeers. (*Pointing to WHACKFORD.*)

Squ. As many as you like, sir; Whackford, you go and play in the back office, and don't move about too much, or you'll get thin, and that wont do. You hav'n't got such a thing as twopence, Mr. Nickleby, have you?

Ral. (*Very slow.*) I think I have. (*Searches his pockets, takes out a penny piece, a halfpenny, and two farthings.*) There! (*Gives WHACKFORD the halfpenny and the two farthings, and puts the penny in his pocket.*) You go and buy a tart; Mr. Nickleby's man will shew you where, and mind you buy a rich one. [*Exit WHACKFORD, through door in flat.*]

Pastry makes his face shine, and parents think that's a healthy sign.

Ral. Attend to me; I am not to suppose you forget the injuries my hopeful nephew committed upon you.

Squ. Devil a bit.

Ral. We will both cry quits with him before long.

Squ. Quits! ah! I only wish Mrs. Squeers could catch hold of him, bless her heart—she'd murder him, Mr. Nickleby, she would as soon as eat her dinner.

Ral. You must recover that boy, Smike, again, they are both in London—yes, at all risks, he shall be again in your power; we'll wound him through his own affections or fancies. If I could strike Nicholas through this boy——

Squ. (*Hitting RALPH.*) Strike him how you like, only hit him hard enough, that's all.

Ral. We will talk of this again—call here again to-morrow morning—I must have time to think—money will do it—as a portion of the world affect to despise the power of money, I must try and shew them what it is. [*Exit F. E. R.*]

Squ. Good morning, sir.] Here (*calling at door in flat*), just chuck that little boy's hat off—that corner peg, and lift him off the stool, will you, and bring him here.

Enter NOGG with WHACKFORD, through door in flat.

He's a fine boy, ain't he, mister?

Nog. Very.

Squ. Pretty well swelled out, ain't he? he has the fatness of twenty boys, he has—

Nog. Ah, he has, the fatness of twenty, more—he's got it all—heaven help the others, poor things—ha! ha! Oh, lord!

[Exit door in flat.

Squ. That chap's either mad or drunk, or both.

WHACKFORD is jumping about.

(Stopping WHACKFORD!) Is that the way to keep up your fat, sir?

[Exit through door in flat, leading, WHACKFORD.

SCENE III.—A neat Chamber.

Enter NICHOLAS and SMILE, P. E. &c.

Smi. I was afraid that you had fallen into some fresh trouble; the time seemed so long at last, that I and Mr. Noggs almost feared you were lost.

Nic. Lost! you will not be rid of me so easily, I promise you. I was detained. (*Aside.*) I will not tell him of my encounter with that ruffian, Sir Mulberry Hawke—this is our new home—do you like it?

Smi. (*Faintly.*) Home!

Nic. Aye, home—why not? (*Taking his arm.*)

Smi. I had such hopes once. Day and night, day and night for many years, I longed for home till I was weary, and pined away with grief! but now—

Nic. And what now?

Smi. I could not part with you for any home on earth—except one—except one. I shall never be an old man, and if your hand placed me in the grave, and I could think before I died that you would come and look upon it sometimes, with one of your kind smiles, and in the summer weather, when every thing was alive, not dead like me, I could go to that home almost without a tear.

Nic. Why do you talk thus, poor boy, if your life is a happy one, with me?

Smi. Because I should change, not those about me; and if they forget me, I should never know it; in the churchyard, we are all alike, but here, there are none like me, none—none!

Nic. Why here's a dismal face for ladies' company—my pretty sister, too, whom you have so often asked me about. Smile, look cheerful; when I talk of homes, I talk of mine—which is also yours.

Enter MRS. NICKLEBY and KATE, F. E. R.—*Nicholas embraces his mother and sister.*

Nic. Dear mother—sister!

Kate. Brother! thank heaven you are returned to us.

Nic. Derr Kate, this is the faithful friend, and affectionate fellow-traveller, whom I prepared you to receive.

Kate. (*Taking SMICK's hand.*) You're welcome a hundred times.

Nic. (*Crosses to Mrs. N.*) You are always kind-hearted, mother, so you will welcome him I'm sure. You remember his melancholy story.

Mrs. N. Certainly, my dear; it is melancholy, indeed, poor thing. We'll try to make you comfortable.

Nic. And now that you are all made known to each other, and comfortably settled, I must think of some immediate employment in town, for I am resolved never to leave you again. I'll try the register office. (*Going to L.*)

Enter NOGGS, hastily, F. E. L., with a broken umbrella under his arm.

Nog. (*Entering.*) No you wont.

Nic. But I must do something, my friend.

Nog. You shan't, you shall do nothing, and I'll help you. No, I don't mean that—but to the register office you shan't go.

Nic. I must either obtain a situation, or enter the army, or turn sailor.

Nog. Bah! a sailor!—salt meat and new rum, pease pudding and chaff biscuits. No—no, that will never do; I've got something better for you. Come with me into the city—a counting-house—kind masters—best place in the world.

Mrs. N. Lor! Mr. Noggs, how kind.

Nic. What do you mean, Newman?

Nog. I don't know—only this I do know, my old friend, honest little Tom Linkinwater, who has lived for five and thirty years in the firm of Cherryble, Brothers, and Co., and never had a cross word or look, has just sent to me, to say, that there is a vacancy for you—so come along, my dear lad, your fortune's made—ho! ho! (*Laughing.*)

Nic. How can my gratitude—

Nog. Stuff and nonsense—it's only my duty, you've done yours nobly, by that poor orphan, haven't you. (*Crosses and pats SMICK on the head.*) Come, we shan't be long gone. We'll soon be a match for Mr. Ralph Nickleby now—the ugly d—d scoundrel! (*Bows to Mrs. N.*) I beg your pardon, madam, but I cannot help it, it wouldn't keep down—but I was a gentleman once—I was indeed.

[*Music.*—NOGGS leads NICHOLAS off, F. E. L.—KATE, MRS. NICKLEBY, and SMICK remain F. E. R.]

SCENE IV.—*A Street near the Saracen's Head, Snowhill—Lamp and Fruit stand, L.—An old woman discovered at the Fruit stand—Time, evening—Stage dark.*

[*Music.*—**JOHN BRODIE** heard laughing and talking without, L.

Bro. Ha! ha! see there lass—there be Paul's Church—Ecod! he be a soysable one, he be.

Enter **JOHN BRODIE**, **MRS. JOHN BRODIE** (*late Miss Price*), and **MISS SQUEERS** in travelling dresses, carrying baskets, bundles, &c., and preceded by a man carrying trunks.

Miss S. How ridiculous of you, Mr. John Brodie, to be set down in the street, just to look at St. Paul's. We shall be taken for I don't what.

Bro. Let 'em take us as they foind us. We doant come up to Lunnun frae Yorkshire to do nought but joy ourselves, do we Tilda, my lass? Here be a weddin party—bride and bridesmaid, and groom; if a man doant joy himself noo, when ought he, hey? draat it all, that's wot I wants to know—so noo, my man, gang to the Sarah's head at once.

Miss S. Lauk, Mr. Brodie—the idea—Saracen's head!

Bro. I know'd it was summit about Sarah—to the Sarah-son's head then, my mun—so come along lasses, we'll all be jolly and comfortable, ha, ha!

[*The Man exits F. E. R., with trunks.*—**JOHN BRODIE** and the **LADIES** following him.

Music.—*Enter* **SMILE**, F. E. R., with a small parcel—He looks anxiously round.

Smi. I'm sure I've lost my way, the streets are so much alike, and my poor head is so very weak. If I ask the strange people, they only laugh, and send me wrong. Mrs. Nickleby told me to take these books to—to Miss La Creevy's, for Nicholas's sister—in—in the Strand—and I don't know where the Strand is, but it is for her, and I would even die to win one of her sweet looks! she is so kind, so good to me! I like her very different to Nicholas—and I don't know why, but whenever I speak or look at her, my cheeks burn, and my heart beats so, I don't know what to do; I always want to say a great deal, and I can never speak to her—no—not one word! but I must try and find the house, perhaps this street may lead me to it.

[*Exit*, F. E. L.

Enter **MR. SQUEERS** and **WHACKFORD**, S. E. R.

Squ. Now, Whackford, attend to what I have said to you; if any questions should be asked by inquiring parents of youth, which is likely to be the case, as I've put you into the

advertisement as a specimen boy for the Dotheboys Hall Classical and Commercial Academy, mind—unlimited legs of mutton, ditto of pork, ribs of beef, poultry, fish and soups, down beds, damask towels, scented soap—mind the soap—play-grounds, orchards and fish ponds, all at the disposal of young youth, in the trifling charge of twenty pounds per annum:—six towels, one silver spoon, and a razor.

Re-enter SMIKE, F. E. L.—He approaches the woman at the stall, and appears to be asking his way—The woman points R.—WHACKFORD turning round, sees SMIKE, runs to him, and pinches his leg.

Wha. Father, father, here's Smike—Hooray!

[SMIKE struggles and clings to the lamp-post.

Enter TWO IRISH LABOURERS, F. E. L., and cross to R.—SQUEERS hooks SMIKE by the neck with his umbrella.

Music.—TABLEAU, No. 12.

Squ. Here's a go—here's a delicious go—Whackford, my boy, call up one of those coaches; damn the expense.

Lab. What's he been doing of, Mister?

Squ. Everything—everything—he's been running away, sir—joining in blood-thirsty attacks upon his master, sir; there's nothing that's bad that he hasn't done!

[The LABOURERS exeunt, S. E. E.]

Smi. (Extremely terrified.) I must go home.

Squ. To be sure you must; you are about right there, we'll go home very soon. You'll soon find yourself at the peaceful village of Dotheboys Hall in Yorkshire. Where's the clothes you run off with, you ungrateful robber? (Shaking him.)

Smi. Clothes, sir?

Squ. Yes, clothes, sir; do you know that I could hang you up outside of the Old Bailey, for making away with them articles of property; it's a hanging matter, but you come to the right shop for mercy when you come to me; and you may thank your lucky stars that I'm the man that's got to serve it out to you. (Strikes him with the umbrella.) Do you know, sir, that Wellington boot you wore, cost eight and twenty shillings, when it was a pair.

[Music.—SQUEERS drags SMIKE off, F. E. E.—WHACKFORD pushing him.]

SCENE V.—A Chamber in the Saracen's Head.

Enter JOHN BRODIE, MRS. BRODIE, and MISS SQUEERS, F. E. L.

Bro. (Eating a piece of pie.) Well, Tilly, don't thou feel hoongry after thy tea, lass?

Mrs. B. Not very.

Bro. Not very—hear her say that, after such a tea. Why, these they ca's pigeon pies, are nought but three young pigeons, and a trifling 'matther 'of 'steak, and a crust so lought, that you doan't know when it's in your mouth, and when it's gone. I wonder how many o'them Lannon pigeon pies goes to a dinner.

Enter c WAITER, F. E. L.

Wai. Here's a gent'man for you, sir. Are you at home?

Bro. I wish I were, I'd ha tead two hours ago. Let 'em come in.

[Exit WAITER, F. E. L.]

Enter MR. SQUEERS and YOUNG WHACKFORD.

Miss S. (Running to him.) Pa! *(Crosses to L.)*

Squ. Why, who'd have thought of this. I heard Mr. Brodie's voice, so I sent up the waiter: But who'd have thought of seeing you in London, gal?

Miss S. Who, indeed, pa! but you see Tilda is married at last.

Bro. Ees, and I stood threat for a soight o'Lunnon, school-measther, to the broide and bridesmaid.

Squ. (Crossing to c.) One of them things that young men do when they get married, and as runs through their moacy like nothing at all.

Bro. Never mind, Schoolmeasther—will 'ee pick a bit of summat, now you be come?

Squ. I won't myself, but if you'll just let little Whackford tuck into something fat, I shall be obliged to you. *(To Miss S.)* What do you think? Who do you suppose we have laid hands on, Whackford and me?

Miss S. Not that Mr. *(To Mrs. B.)* You know who.

Mrs. B. Nickleby?

Squ. No; nearly as good though—Mr. Smike.

Miss S. (Clapping her hands.) No!

Squ. Yes, and I've got him hard and fast.

Bro. Wa'at got that poor, dom'd scoundrel—where?

Squ. Why here—in this very house—in one of the top back rooms, with him on one side, and the key on the other. *(Shewing key.)*

Bro. Ho! ho! the schoolmeasther agin all England! give us thy hand, mun—I'm darned but I must shake thee by the hand for that; gotten him here—hey? *(Shaking SQUEERS by the hand violently, and striking him on the chest.)*

Squ. I thought it would surprise you a bit: *(Rubbing his hands.)* It was pretty neatly done, and pretty quick too; and for fear he should give me the alip, I've taken three out-sides for to-morrow morning, for Whackford, and him, and me.

Bro. No—have ye tho'! capital—ho! ho! how te'uld ooman in Yorkshire will stare to see un—ha! ha! wait a bit, schoolmeaster, I'll just order a bit o' supper; you must stay and pick a bone with us. (*Aside to Mrs. B.*) I'll have young chap out in noo time. Gotten the young chap up stairs, at top o' the house—ha! ha! it's worth twenty pounds to hear thee tell of it—ha! ha!

[*Exit, F. E. L.*]

Squ. Everybody will be rejoiced to hear of the young dog's capture; he's used me so ill—I that have been his benefactor from a babby—his feeder, teacher, and clothier. Come, ladies, if we are to stay, we may as well walk into the parlour and sit down till supper time, standing about tires one so; and I shall want all my strength for Master Smike's back, when we get back to Yorkshire. (*Taking a lady on each arm.*) Ha! ha! if Mrs. S. could see me now, eh?—Whackford, you walk slow, and eat plenty of fat.

[*Exit SQUEERS with Mrs. BRODIE and Miss SQUEERS—WHACKFORD following, F. E. R.*]

SCENE VI.—*A mean Garret—Light from a small broken casement—Moonlight—Doors with locks, S. E. R. and L.—A truckle bed, and old chair on.*

Music—SMIKE discovered sitting on the bed—His hat and coat lying on the chair.

Smi. Oh! I—I'm in his power again, and he'll take me back to that cruel place again. What have I done to deserve this? They will take me far—far away from the only kind friend I ever had, to become the same wretched—wretched being I was, when he found me. (*Pressing his temples.*) Oh! why don't I die? Master beat me, because I would'nt tell where Nicholas lived—but I never will—they may kill me, but they shall never harm him, for her sake.

[*A slight noise, and key turning in a lock heard—SMIKE shudders.*]

Smi. He is coming—oh!

[*The L. door softly opens, and JOHN BRODIE peeps in.*]

Bro. Hoosh, lad—doan't thee bawl out.

[*BRODIE enters the room with his shoes off, carrying them in his hand—SMIKE gazes at him vacantly.*]

Bro. Ods, bobs, doan't thee know me? I be John Brodie, the chap as met thee afther schoolmeaster was bang'd down in the country. I ha' gotten key of waiter to set thee free—dos't know me now?

Smi. (*Joyfully.*) Yes—yes! (*Jumping up.*) Oh! help me now—he'll kill me.

Bro. I be dong'd if he does, tho'; but if thou wasn't as silly a youngster as ever draw'd breath, you would na' need help—wa'at did 'ee come here for, mun?

Smi. He brought me.

Bro. Brou't thee—why did'nt 'ee punch his head, or lay thyself doon and kick, and squall out for Pollis? I'd ha lick'd a dozen such as him, when I was young as thee. But thee be'est a poor broken-doon chap, and heaven forgi' me for bragging ower morsel o' talk to thee. I tell 'ee—thee'll soon be a match for te'uld Squeer's lad. There, see that! (*opening the door, L.*) Noo, coot awa.

Smi. Eh! what?

Bro. I say, coot awa—dos't thee know where thee livest?

Smi. I think I do.

Bro. Very well; are you thy clothes, or schoolmeaster's?

Smi. Mine.

Bro. Then on wi' 'em. (*Puts SMIKE's coat on awkwardly, wrong sleeve, &c.*) Thee mun noo folle: me, and when thee gets outside door turn to the right, and then they wean't see thee pass.

Smi. But he brought me back before, and will again—he will—indeed, he will.

Bro. He will—he will—he weant—he weant. Look'ee, if he comes up here awhile thee'st clearing off, he mun have mercy on his own bones—for I weant. (*Shaking his fist.*) If thee keeps't a good heart, thee'll be at whoam afore they know thees't gotten off; coom go. (*Leading him towards D. L.*)

Smi. Heaven bless you! (*Shaking his hand.*) I shall see my happy home—hold his hand, and gaze upon his sister's face—joy! joy! Bless you. [*Exit hastily, R. D.*]

Bro (*In a loud whisper at door.*) Just tell young Measter Nickleby that I am sploticed to Tilly Price, and am to be heer'd on at the Sarah's Son, by latther; and say I beant a bit jealous now. (*Laughing.*) Dang it, I'm like to bust (*coming forward*) when I think of that night. 'Cod I see 'un now, a powderin awa at the thin bress and butther. (*Goes to door, L. looks out, then shuts door.*) It'll be all reight—the lead's clear off, noo I'll turn into bed a bit, and wait for Squeers; how 'tould devil will stare when he finds the bird flown—ha! ha! (*Gets into bed, puts on night cap, and covers himself over with the bed clothes.*) Ha! ha! this rig beats cock fighting holler—ha! ha! if Smike doant get whoam now, he never will—so schoolmeaster may come as soon as he loikes.

[*A noise of a person ascending stairs, R.*]

That be he—slow and stedly, mister—take your time—ho! ho! (*Subdued and cramming the bed clothes in his mouth.*)

[*A key is heard to turn in the lock of R. D.—the door slowly opens, and SQUEERS peeps in—BRODIE covers his head over with the bed clothes.*]

Squ. Hallo, there, you sir.) *Enters room.* Are you asleep?

Bro. (Aside.) Noa; wide awake.

Squ. (Very loud.) Hallo! young gentleman, speak when you are spoke to—dy'e hear.

*[The bed clothes are seen to shake with BRODIE's laughing.
—A pause.]*

Don't aggravate me, sir, or I'll break every bone in your ugly body. *[Approaches bed—BRODIE laughs faintly.]*

You young vagabone—in these the manners I taught you?

[Pulls down bed clothes, and discovers JOHN BRODIE, who laughs heartily.]

Gone! Murder! Robbery! Burglary!

*[Calls loudly—BRODIE standing up in the bed laughing—
Two WAITERS and two CHAMBERMAIDS rush on with
lights, H. and L. D., followed by MISS SQUEERS, MRS.
BRODIE, and young WHACKFORD—BRODIE throws
pillows, &c. at WHACKFORD, who is knocked down,
and the act drop descends amidst the general uproar.]*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Counting-house of RALPH NICKLEBY, as in Act I.

Music.—NEWMAN NOGGS discovered pacing the stage.

Nog. Five minutes to three; and my dinner time's two. He does it on purpose—he makes a point of it. I might have a nice bit of hot roast meat spoiling at home all this time—"don't go till I come back." *(Speaking to the picture on the wall, and shaking his fist.)* Don't you know it's nothing but aggravation—ch!" I want to see Nicholas, too; he's got something more to tell me about that pretty little beauty in distress, that sells the paintings and the flowers, Miss Madeline Bray. Ha! ha! I smell a rat—my young friend's falling in love—ha! ha!—I know it, tho' he denies it. I was once in love myself—can't afford it now, tho'. No, no.

[RALPH NICKLEBY coughs without.]

Here he is; now it'll be "stop here an hour," or, "go there;" but I won't, that's flat—I'll slip in here till he goes up stairs, then I can slip out. *(Enters closet in flat.)*

Enter RALPH NICKLEBY door in flat, with a letter in his hand.

Ral. (Calling.) Noggs! Noggs!—where is that fellow Noggs? The dog has gone to his dinner, though I told him not. I wanted to send this letter to Gride immediately; the old fool is so anxious to call the cherry lips of Madeline Bray his own,

[Noggs peeps from closet, and listens.]

that he has agreed to my proposal, and willingly pays me fourteen hundred pounds on the wedding day—providing I succeed in persuading the lady's father to consent to the match, and force his daughter's inclination. Bray must do as I please, or he rots in jail. Old Gride will soon die, then the girl is left a rich widow—ha! She is nineteen, the bridegroom seventy; he is rich, she is poor—a capital match. They shall be married immediately.

Nog. (Aside.) Oh! you d—d scoundrel. *(Shakes his fist, and drinks from bottle.)* Here's news for Nicholas.

Ral. My hopeful nephew still eludes my vengeance; that boy Smike, too, has again escaped from the tender care of Mr. Squeers, disappointing my plans that way; but I've another plan yet—yes, yes—one that I'll put in practice to-night.

Nog. (Grows aside.) Augh! *(and drinks.)*

[A slight knock heard at door in flat.]

Ral. Who's that?

Nog. (Comes from closet.) I've had my dinner. *(Drinks.)* My appetite's gone. I don't know who she may be, or what she may be—but I pity her with all my heart and soul. Gride and Nickleby—nice pair for a curricie. Oh, rognery! roguery! *(Enters closet again.)*

Re-enter RALPH, followed by BROOKER—He is care-worn and haggard, roughly clothed in shabby garments—he bows lowly to RALPH.

Bro. You don't remember me, I suppose, Mr. Nickleby?

Ral. No; though there is something about you that I remember now, more than enough.

Bro. Mr. Nickleby, will you hear a few words that I have to say?

Ral. I am obliged to wait here till my man comes in.

[Noggs laughs aside.]

If you talk, sir, I shall not put my fingers in my ears.

Bro. I was once in your confidence—— *[RALPH sneers.]* eight years back. Yesterday was my first day in London. I have been seeking you from the moment I set foot in town. It's twenty years ago since you and I fell out about money; you had pinched and ground me down for some years before we quarrelled, but I had served you faithfully up to that time, in spite of all your dog's usage.

Ral. You had your wiges for it; there we stood on equal grounds, and could both cry quits.

Bro. Then, but not afterwards.

Ral. No, for since then you owed me money—do so still.

Bro. That's not all—that's not all—mark that!—partly in remembrance of your treatment, and partly in the hope of making money some day by the scheme, I took advantage of my position about you, and possessed myself of a hold upon you, which you would—you would give half of all you have to know—and never can know, but through me. What assistance will you give me? What bribe, to speak out plainly? Money is on your side, and hunger and thirst on mine—you may drive an easy bargain.

Ral. Hark'ye, Mr. Brooker—how dare you come with such a tale to me—Begone! and if we meet again, you shall see the inside of a jail—there's my answer to your trash.

[Exit RALPH, F. E. R.]

Bro. You shall bitterly repent this—unfeeling wretch!

[He is going—NOGGS darts out, runs to him, and takes his arm.]

Nog. Stop—tell me—he's a scoundrel. You shall go home with me, and dine off my scrag of mutton. Come—ha! ha! come.

[NOGGS hurries BROOKER off, door in flat.]

SCENE II.—A neat Room at Mrs. NICKLEBY'S.

Mus.—Enter MRS. NICKLEBY, NICHOLAS, KATE, JOHN BRODIE and MRS. BRODIE, F. E. R.

Bro. Ha! ha! that's capital, Master Nickleby.

Nic. Yes, you must make me a godfather the very first time you have occasion for one.

Bro. Oh! d'ye hear that—a godfeyther. Ha! ha! Tilly, a godfeyther—doant say a word more, ye'll never beat that—ha! I was ne'er so happy in a' my days—dang—but I *will* take another glass to our next merry meeting, 'specially as we are ganging awa' frae' Lunnon to-morrow neight; we'll drink to godfeyther—eh, Tilly lass? (Laughing.)

Enter SMIKE, F. E. R., very melancholy.

Nic. And have you not been in bed?

Smi. N—n—no.

Kate. Why not?

Smi. I could not sleep.

Mrs. N. (To MRS. BRODIE.) He's not long for this world—poor dear, he gets worse every day.

Kate. (Taking SMIKE'S hand.) You are not well.

Smi. (Trembling.) Yes, I am better,—indeed—a great deal better.

Nic. Why then do you give way to these fits of melancholy? You grow a different creature, Smike.

Smi. I do—I know I do. I will tell you the reason one day, but not now. I hate myself for this. You are so good and kind to me; but I cannot help it, my heart is full—is very full.

Bro. Dang it, lad! cheer up a bit and thee shall be next godfeyther—eh, Tilly? Ha! ha!

Nic. You must amuse yourself, Smike.

Smi. I do try, but it's no use; the memory of that horrid place down in the country hangs upon me, and seems to crush me to the earth. Day and night it is before mine eyes; whenever it rains hard, it more than ever reminds me of the dreadful night I was taken there, a little helpless child—it was very wet; I think I see myself as I was then, coming in at the door—such a little creature, they might have had pity and mercy upon me; but no—no, they hadn't. *(Sighs.)*

[A loud knocking heard at L. D.]

Mrs. N. Lor! who can that be? It's too late for the beer.

[Goes out F. E. I., and re-enters immediately, followed by RALPH NICKLEBY—All start—NICHOLAS advances—KATE clings to his arm.]

Nic. Wretch!

Kate. Nicholas!

Ral. Stay, before that boy says a word, let me speak.

Bro. Say what thee'st gotten to say, and take care what thee't about. *(Clenching his fist.)*

Nic. I will not hear this—his presence is an insult to my sister. John Brodie is this my house? am I a child? If he stands there looking so calm, he'll drive me mad.

[BRODIE seizes NICHOLAS as he advances towards RALPH.]

Bro. Stand! there's more to say and hear than thou think'st for, I tell 'ee. I ha' gotten scent o' that already—na—it be that shadow outside door there! Noo, Schoolmensther, show thyself, mun. *(Goes to L. D., and drags SQUEERS in.)* Ha! ha! dinnut be sheam-feaced, mun—there be a pratty one, he! he. *[SMIKE shrinks behind Mrs. NICKLEBY and KATE.]*

Ral. Have you done enjoying yourself, sir?

Bro. Pratty nigh for present time, thank'ee—ha! ha!

Ral. Madam! *(To Mrs. NICKLEBY.)* I come here to restore a parent to his child. I have that wretched boy's father here.

[All appear astonished.]

Squ. Yes, there; and he is my friend—what do you say to that, eh, Smike, to come back to me? Walk in Mr. Snawley, and collar your babby.

Enter SNAWLEY, F. R. R.—He rushes to SMKE, and drags him forward, his head under his arm.—TABLEAU, see No. 14.

Smi. Save me! Save me!

[JOHN BRODIE seizes SNAWLEY, and thrusts him into corner, L.

Sna. How little did I think of this joyful meeting when I saw him last; blessed habby—there he is, flesh and blood!

Bro. Very little flesh.

Sna. What is it that makes me love him so, and makes me want to chastise you for cutting away from the best of masters.

Squ. It's all natur, sir; she's a rum'un is natur.

Nic. If you are this poor boy's father, look at the wreck he is, and tell me—

Ral. Stay; we'll cut this matter very short; this is your son—you can prove it—

[To SNAWLEY, who bows.

by your first wife—you were separated from her—she had the child—she sent it to a cheap school in Yorksire, Mr. Squeers'—

[SQUEERS bows.

on her death bed she sent you word where he was to be found—the letter only reached you yesterday—Mr. Squeers lodges with you.

[SQUEERS bows.

you told him the story—he recognized the lost boy in his run-away pupil Snuke—and you have all the certificates of marriage, birth, &c. in this pocket-book.

[Shewing pocket-book, which BRODIE takes and hands to NICHOLAS.

Kate. Dear brother, can this be really true?

Nic. *(Reading the papers.)* I fear it is.

Squ. Well, what's to be done—what's the order of the day? Is master Snawley to come along with me?

Smi. No—no—pray no! I will not go from you with him. No—no.

Squ. This is a cruel thing. Do parents bring children into the world for this? He'll never love his father, he never loved me—he never loved Whackford, who is next door but one to a cherubim—it aint in him.

Sna. I want my son.

Nic. He chooses to remain here, and he shall.

Squ. Won't you come home—won't you let me love you when I want?

Smi. No—no.

Squ. You ungrateful dog—I'll make you. Mr. Snawley, lay hold of him.

[He advances with SNAWLEY to seize SMKE, when BRODIE takes them by the collar, one in each hand.

Bro. I'll be don'd if you do; you shant hurt poor lad, or lay a finger on him, while I ha' gotten a drop of bluid in my veins; so start, mister schoolmesther, you ha' com'd to wrong shop—start. *(He thrusts them both out of the door.)*

Rat. The law, sir, shall soon force you to give him up, and destroy your romance. *[Exit, P. E. L.]*

Squ. *(Returning.)* Knock that Nickleby down with a candlestick, and bring out my hat.

[BRODIE picks up SQUEERS' hat, puts it on his head, knocking it over his eyes, then kicks him out.]

Bro. There, dom ther, take it.

[Music.—JOHN BRODIE, MRS. BRODIE, MRS. NICKEBY, KATE, NICHOLAS and SMILE, exeunt, P. E. &.]

SCENE III.—A Cellar—Mangle—Broken Table.

(See Work, Nos. 19, 20.)

MANTALINI discovered lying on the ground wretchedly clad—
MADAME MANTALINI standing over him with a broom.

Man. I'm dying—I'm a real body, demnit; but I forgive my dem'd chick-a-biddy of a wife, tho' she's called me naughty wicked names, and I can't bear it. I must die. *(Groans.)*

Mad. M. Don't talk this nonsense to me, you false wretch! I've been ruined by it. Your vile extravagance has turned me out of my house and home, and reduced me to this state of poverty; to think I should ever have been reduced to keep a mangle. *(Cries.)*

Man. *(Aside.)* Or I to turn it.

Mad. M. Get up you nasty idle vicious, good-for-nothing brute; why don't you turn the mangle? get up. *(Strikes him with broom.)*

Man. I will, I will, my life and soul. *(Runs to mangle.)* I am always turning, perpetually turning, like a dem'd old horse in a dem'nition mill—my life is one dem'd horrid grind. *(Turns the mangle.)*

Mad. M. Then why don't you go and list for a soldier—you're welcome to, for me.

Man. For a soldier! would his joy and gladness see him in a coarse red coat with a little tail—would she hear of his being whapped and beat by drummers dem'nibly—would she have him fire off real guns, and have his eyes turned right and left, and his trowsers pipe-clay'd?

Mad. M. It's no more than you deserve, you villain! turn away, do. I want the baby-linen. *(Putting clothes under the mangle.)*

Man. Oh, why are the dem'd babbies made for me to mangle their dem'nition small things at three-halfpence a

down?—I'm tired, my life and soul, it's poor arms ache, let rest a little bit——

Mad. M. Rest, you were out all day yesterday, ^f ^g ranting somewhere, I know—turn on.

Man. No, no, my tea and bread and butter, no. (*Turning mangle.*)

Mad. M. I say you were; isn't it enough that I paid two pounds fourteen for you, and took you out of prison, where your friend, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, had sent you, and what for, pray?—why, to let you live here like a gentleman, and——

Man. Turn a demn'd genteel mangle—ugh!

Mad. M. You'll break my poor heart yet.

Man. No, no—I'll never break it's heart—I will be a good boy and never do so any more—I will never be naughty-porty again—don't be cross with it's handsome husband, now he has gone to the demnition *low-rows*.

Mad. M. Cease this tom foolery, and go on with the work, I must have the things.

Man. Let it rest a little, mopsy wopsy, it wants to be petted.

Mad. M. I want—if you don't work I'll tear your eyes out.

Man. Oh! what a demn'd savage lamb.

Mad. M. What's that you said, sir? (*Threateningly.*)

Man. Nothing! nothing!

[*The door of cellar opens, and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY and KATE look in—TABLEAU, No. 20.*]

Nic. Pray can you inform me——

Kate. Mr. Mantalini!

Man. Demmit, it's little Nickleby; shut the door, put out the candle, and turn me up in the bedstead.

[*MADAME MANTALINI beats him—He turns the mangle rapidly—NICHOLAS and KATE laugh—Music, and the scene is closed in.*]

SCENE IV.—A Chamber—Folding doors in centre.

Enter RALPH NICKLEBY and ARTHUR GRIDE, a miser, dressed for a wedding, bridal favours, &c.

Ral. So, my dutiful nephew frightened you a little last night?

Gr. No, no, he only tried to frighten me—ha! ha! he wanted to cheat me of my rosebud.

Rat. This is your wedding day—you'll pay my bond now, su'ee—fourteen hundred pounds; remember I forced her fat! . . . went and fix the day, although, poor devil, to my think. . . . hasn't many days to live—in short, the house appears no . . . as if there was a funeral going on, more than a wedding.

Gri. Don't talk that way, it makes me so dull—I have been very low-spirited ever since that old ungrateful wretch, my servant, Peg Sliderskew, ran away—she took a jealous fit into her head about my marrying, and what is worse she robbed me of some valuable papers, but I'll hang her, I will, the Catamaran!

Rat. What's that to do with your wedding—you know that my friend, Mr. Squeers, is looking after her—he is a sharp dog, with a keen scent: look a little crinker, man, and not so hang-dog like; wake up, she is ready, be something like life, man, will you, she is coming (*hissing centre*)—urge those dry old bones of yours this way—quick, man, quick, your bride is here.

[*Drag him towards centre doors, which are thrown open, and NICHOLAS and his SISTER are discovered.*]

Gri. (*Receding.*) The man that came to me last night!

Rat. Away! what brings you here, liar, scoundrel, dastard, thief.

Nic. I come here to save your victim if I can. Liar and scoundrel you are—in every action of your life, theft is your trade, and I move not.

Rat. And what may your purpose be here, lofty lady?

Nic. To offer to the unhappy object of your treachery at this last moment a refuge, a home—for this I came and brought my sister.

Rat. You will remain, girl, will you? to be hauled down stairs like a drunken drab, as I mean you shall if you stop—no answer—thank your brother for what follows. **Gri.** Call down Bray, (*KATE goes out door in Rat*) and not his daughter—let them keep her above.

GRIE attempts to advance.

Nic. If you value your head, stay where you are.

Rat. Bind me, not him.

Nic. Mind yourself rather than either of us, and stay where you are.

Rat. Will you call down Bray?

Nic. Come near me at your peril, villain.

Re-enter KATE.

Kate. Her father is dead.

— 8

Nic. Villains, you are caught in your own snare.

(Picture—TABLEAU, No. 17.)

Both your debts are paid in the one great debt of nature, in the sudden death of this helpless girl's father—that bond due to-day at twelve is now waste paper—your schemes and frauds are known to man, and overthrown by heaven.

Enter MADELINE, and falls into the arms of KATE.

Ral. Dog! rascal! I'll trample on you.

[RALPH rushes towards NICHOLAS—GRIDE advances a few paces to follow, when NICHOLAS seizes him by the collar and hurls him from him—GRIDE staggers against RALPH, who seems buried in reverie—TABLEAU, and scene closes.

SCENE V.—A dilapidated panel—A small closet in flat door, &c.—Small fire grate, &c., dying embers, broken bellows, rude chairs—Moon seen through broken casement—Wind and rain.

SQUEERS discovered wrapped in a very large Great coat, he is seated, with a bottle in his hand.

Sqr. Well, this is a pretty go—an uncommon pretty go—here have I been a matter of how many days—hard upon six, a following up this here blessed old dowager petty larcener, Mrs. Sliderakew, Mr. Arthur Gride's runaway housekeeper—the old cat's got some valuable papers belonging to Miss Madeline Bray concealed with her ugly self, and in this becoming great coat, with the assistance of this here (holding up bottle) I've done the trick—she thinks I'm in love—ha! ha! I'm to be well paid for this job, when I gets hold of the papers, and, please the pigs, that happy event is to come off this very blessed night that ever is—it's time it did too—for Dotheboys Hall is a running itself regularly to seed, with my long absence—how them blessed boys will miss their grammar. (Takes from his pocket a soiled and dirty letter.) What a deep old file that Nickleby is, to be sure—he made me grub and foller arter this old hag, till we traced her here—he is a knowing one—a regular rasper. (Opens letter.) Mrs. Squeers, by her last letter from home, seems pretty bobbish, sundries as usual. (Reads.) "Pigs is well, cows ditto—boys and cetera—young spouter has been a winking:" has he, I'll wink him when I gets back. "Cobbey would persist in sniffing while he was eating, and

said that the beef was so strong it made him ——." Very good, Cobbey, we'll see if we can make you sniff a little without beef —"the juniorst Palmer said he wished he was in Heaven;" I really don't know what's to be done with that young fellow, he's always a wishing something horrid—he said once he wished he was a donkey, because then he wouldn't have a father as didn't love him—pretty wishes that for a child of six.

The door slowly opens, and PEG SLIDERSKEW crawls in, cautiously closing the door.

Peg. (Whispering.) Is that you?

Squ. Ah! it's me, and me's the first person—singular—nominative case—agreeing with the verb, its—I've come according to promise to overhaul them papers, and give you advice, my Slider.

Peg. So they used to say in that part of the country I come from—but I thinks Oil's better.

Squ. Better than what—I never see'd such an old devil—she's as deaf as a beetle. *(Aloud.)* Do you see this? this is a bottle. *(Showing bottle.)*

Peg. I see it.

Squ. Well, and do you see this? this is a glass. *(Peg nods.)* See here then—I fill this glass from the bottle, and I say, your health, Slider, *(drinks)* and empty it, then I rinse it genteelly with a little drop, fill it again and hand it over to you. *(Gives Peg the glass.)*

Peg. (Smiles.) Your health. *(Drinks and coughs.)*

Squ. She understands that any ways.

[Peg empties the glass.]

That's the time o'day—you look twenty pounds better now, and twenty pound ten better than you did the day when I first introduced myself here.

Peg. Ah! you frightened me that day though, you did. So, Mister Arthur Gride wasn't married to the young creature after all! A young lover carried off his darling—eh?

Squ. From under his very nose—he smashed the window—and forced him to swallow the wedding favours beside.

Peg. Did he? I'm so glad—I wish he'd have choked old Arthur—ha! ha! *(Drinks.)* He tricked me, but I'm even with the dog—I've got the papers.

Squ. (Filling her glass.) Ah! that reminds me, my Peggy, if you want my opinion of them aforesaid papers, now's your time, hand 'em out—I'll tell you which to burn and which to keep.

Peg. So you shall—bolt the door first. *(Goes to the cupboard in flut.)*

Squ. (Fastening the door.) She's hook'd—brave o' my Squeery.

[Peg stoops down and slowly draws a small box from the cupboard, it is concealed under a heap of cinders.]

Peg. There they is—what's of no use we'll burn, and what we can get any money by we'll keep, and fret and waste his heart away.

Squ. All right, and very laudable—but first and foremost, burn the box—it might lead to a discovery—I'll look over the papers, and tell you what they are.

[Peg breaks the box into small pieces and puts them into the fire, blowing the dying embers at the same time with her mouth—SQUEERS looks over the papers, holding the candle in one hand.]

Squ. You poke the pieces between the bars, and I'll read—let me see, let me see. *(Turning over the papers.)*

The door in flat is slowly opened, and NEWMAN NOGGS and FRANK CHERRYBLE enter cautiously—NOGGS snatches up the old bellows, and is about to strike SQUEERS—FRANK CHERRYBLE stops him.

Peg. What's that writing about—eh?

Squ. Nothing particular—an old lease—throw it into the fire. *(Peg burns it.)* This is a bundle of overdue acceptances—ditto—*(aside)*—it's very odd, I don't see it yet.

Peg. What's the matter?

Squ. Nothing—I'm only looking for—

[Noggs again attempts to strike.]

Here you are—bonds, take care of them—warrant of attorney, take care of that—lease and release, burn that—ah! here it is, Madeline Bray, come of age, or marry, the said Madeline—here, burn that. *(SQUEERS throws her a paper, retaining the one he is reading, aside.)* I've got it—it's all right! Hurrah! the plan was a good one, though the chance was desperate—the day's our own at last—I've got it—ha! ha! ha!

Nog. *(Striking SQUEERS a violent blow on the head with the bellows—he falls.)* You have, and be d—d to you. *(He snatches the papers.)*

[Peg screams—NOGGS flourishes the bellows and exits with the papers R., with FRANK CHERRYBLE—PEG raises SQUEERS, who is calling "Murder."]

Squ. *(Stopping blood which is trickling from his nose and head—with great melancholy.)* I'm diddled.

[Music—Exit SQUEERS, supported by Peg, door in flat.]

SCENE VI.—*A woody landscape—A cottage painted on the flat—A cut tree, T. U. R., under which is a couch or plain sofa stool.*

Enter MRS. DOBSON from cottage, who arranges couch.

Mrs. D. (*Dusting couch.*) Bless us and save us, my work will never cease—ever since the poor young gentleman has been down from London, my hands have been full—it's enough to make the heart of a stone feel, to witness his sufferings, poor dear—and the doctor told me in confidence this morning, that he'd never live to see another sunrise—rest and bless him—I am sure young Mr. Nickleby has done his duty by him—happen which way it will, he is always at his side, night and day, trying to cheer and comfort him—I never saw such affection and kindness, not I.

Slow music—Enter NICHOLAS from cottage, supporting SMIKE.

Nic. There, this bright sunset will cheer your spirits a little, and to-morrow you will be another being. (*Leading him to the couch—they sit.*)

Smi. Don't, pray don't talk to me about to-morrow—for I—I feel that I shall never live to see it. (*Terry faints.*)

Mrs. D. (*Aside.*) Poor dear! I fear he speaks too truly.

Nic. You are a little better now, ain't you? and happier?

Smi. (*Smiling faintly.*) With you, with you, and I should be perfectly so—if you, my kind friend, would promise me one thing, solemnly promise it before I die.

Nic. What is it? you know I will.

Smi. Promise me, that when I am dead, I shall be buried near, as near as they can to the tree which shades your father's grave, and where your sister Kate was found sleeping when she (a little child) had been lost for many hours. I wish to be buried there, on that spot, that she had laid her head—will you promise me this?

Nic. I will, I will.

[SMIKE smiles faintly and presses his hand—then turning his head, perceives BROOKER, who has entered at back, and is gazing on him through the cut trees—SMIKE starts up and clings wildly to NICHOLAS—MRS. DOBSON appears at the door of the cottage—Music—See TABLEAU, No. 18.]

Smi. Save me, save me! he's there again—pray don't let him take me away from you.

Nic. What is it you mean? be calm, no danger can threaten you here—you are dreaming.

Smi. No, no, no—hold me—don't let me go—there, there, behind the tree!

[BROOKER disappears—Exit Mrs. DOBSON.]

Nic. (*Looking round.*) There is nothing—it must be your fancy.

Smi. I saw him as plain as I see you now—oh! say, you'll keep me with you—never leave me—not that I am afraid to die—I am quite contented—I almost think that if I could rise quite well, I would not wish to do so now—you have so often told me we should meet again, so very often lately, and now I feel the truth of that so strongly, that I can even bear to part from you.

Nic. You say well, and comfort me very much, dear fellow—what is it you are so anxious to tell me?

Smi. I will tell you—I should not have a secret from you—you would not blame me at a time like this, would you?

Nic. I blame you?

Smi. I am sure you would not—you remember when we first went to our happy home to live with your mother and sister, you often asked me why I was so changed, and sat so much alone?

Nic. Yes.

Smi. Shall I tell you why?

Nic. Not if it pains you—I only asked that I might make you happier if I could.

Smi. I know, I felt that at the time. (*Drawing himself closer to NICHOLAS.*) You will forgive me if I tell—indeed, indeed, I could not help it—but though I would have gladly died to make her happy, it broke my heart to see another love her, and I know he loves her dearly, your kind master's nephew.

Nic. Frank Cherryble love my sister!

Smi. Yes, yes—who could find that out so soon as I—I, that have loved, have worshipped her so long in silence and secrecy—you will not frown upon me and despise me will you? her bright innocent looks seemed to inspire me with a new existence, and then her voice—oh! how my thoughts have clung to the music of those sounds—she seemed a better angel—sent to recall me back to life. (*Removing from his bosom a piece of riband.*) Take this precious token, and when I am dead, laid in my coffin, and about to be placed in the cold earth, promise to hang it round my neck again—it contains a lock of her's—your sister's hair—let it rest with me in the same grave—let no eyes but yours see it—they would mock and scorn me.

Nic. That they shall never do while I have life.

Smi. Now I am happy—my more than brother, farewell—don't weep for me—I'm quite happy—you'll not forget me, and sometimes talk to her about me? tell her how fervently, how hopelessly I loved her. Bless her! I—I—shall soon be at rest—soon with those happy people that have so long watched over me, and appeared in my blissful dreams—oh! they smile so sweetly upon me with their bright faces.

[*Slow music heard.*]

Hark! listen to the music of their wings—they are coming for me again—see, see, they beckon me to join them, in those beautiful gardens that stretch far, far away into the golden clouds—I can't see you—my limbs are freezing—my very heart is chilled—this, this is death—d—don't leave me (*Clinging to NICHOLAS*) till—I—am— (*Kisses the riband containing KATE's hair*) B—l—e—s—s—bless her. (*Falls dead on the couch.*) D—e—e—r K—e—t—e.

[NICHOLAS bends over SMICK, weeping, as the scene is closed in.]

SCENE VII.—*A chamber in the house of CHERRYBLE BROTHERS, doors R., L., and C.*

Enter RALPH NICKLEBY and MR. CHARLES CHERRYBLE, L.

Ral. Now, sir, perhaps you will condescend to tell me why I am brought from home at this time of night; this invitation to your house is such an unexpected favour?

Cha. And an unwelcome one, I know. Mr. Nickleby, the partner of your villainy—Snawley has confessed all—and the schoolmaster Squeers is now in custody—that document that was taken from him, was a will of Madeline Bray's grandfather, giving her twelve thousand pounds on her marriage.

Ral. I don't understand you, sir—you speak in riddles—I demand to know why I am brought here—I will know it.

Nog. (*Entering, c. d.*) So you shall, and be d—d to you.

Ral. (*Starts.*) Noggs, here! This is a good beginning for you—the honest open-dealing men to tamper with this fellow, my servant, who would sell his soul for drink, whose very word is a lie.

Nog. (*Trying to reach NICKLEBY, but is held back by the BROTHERS.*) I will speak—hallo! you sir, old Nickleby, what do you mean by a fellow like me—who made me so? If I would sell my soul for drink, why wasn't I a thief, a swindler, a housebreaker, rather than your drudge and pack-horse—if my very word was a lie, why wasn't I a pet and favorite of yours? Lie—when did I ever cringe and frown to you, eh, tell me that?

Ral. (*Starting.*) Dog! (*Half aside.*)

Nog. What set me first to watch your actions? why, your cruel treatment to your own flesh and blood; and when I sought these gentlemen out (*as I did*), there was no tampering with me—I told them I wanted help to find you—to trace you down—to go through with what I had begun—to help the right—and that, when I had done it, I'd burst into your room and tell you all face to face, man to man: now, I have said my

say, and let anybody else say theirs, and fire away. (*Shaking his hand in RALPH'S face, and making several blows in the air.*)

Ral. Go on, gentlemen, go on, I shall make you prove all this.

Cho. The proof is ready. (*Opens L. door.*)

Enter BROOKER.

Hear what this man has to tell you.

Ral. (*Agitated.*) What does he here? Do you know he is a convict, a felon, a common thief?

Bro. I know I am a guilty man—among those who once had dealings with Ralph Nickleby some five-and-twenty years ago, there was one, a rough fox-hunting, hard-drinking squire. Ralph Nickleby used often to go down to the house in Leicestershire—the gentlewoman was entitled to a pretty large property—in course of time he married her, but the same love of gain which caused him to contract this marriage, led to its being kept strictly private—the result of this private marriage was a son—seven years this was kept, till, provoked by his ill-usage, his wife eloped on the very eve of her brother's death, with a much younger man.

Nog. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Did she, by jingo?—ha! ha!

Bro. It was then that he gave his son into my charge—I brought him home to his own house—he was sickly—the doctor said he must be removed for change of air—his father, Ralph Nickleby, was from home for weeks together—he had treated me cruelly, and I resolved to be revenged—fifteen years ago I took the child to a Yorkshire school, kept by a man named Squeers, and left it there—I gave him the name of Smike!

Ral. (*Greatly agitated.*) Where—where is he? my son—let me see him—where is he?

Enter NICHOLAS rapidly through centre doors, followed by MRS. NICKLEBY, KATE, MADELINE, JOHN BRODIE, and MRS. BRODIE.

Vic. Dead! he expired in my arms.

[*RALPH stands a moment, then falls powerless into NOGGS'S arms, who takes him off F. E. L., followed by BROOKER.*

Cha. Unhappy man.

Nog. (*Speaking as he re-enters.*) His heart is broke—he'll never speak again.

Bro. T'ould chap ha' gotten something comfortable for himself at last then? and there be a pratty decent go down in Yorkshire too—the school's broken up—it's a' ower—past and

gone—the boys have half-killed missus, beat the young lady, and ducked Master Whackford's head in the treacle bowl—and so poor lad SMike, he be vary ill—(to NICHOLAS) I'm main sorry for it.

~~Nog. (Wiping his eyes.) I feel like a mother to him, poor dear.~~

Cha. And now we'll talk of something more pleasant—Nicholas's future happiness—Madeline's heart is occupied, and most worthily, you shall have her and her fortune—my nephew, Frank, also chooses as we would have him—my children be happy. (Joins NICHOLAS and MADELINE's hands.) Receive the reward of virtuous endurance—you shall all have a share in the firm.

Nog. (Embracing all round.) Oh, this is a glorious day, and I have lived to see it—ha! ha! my dear boy, happy at last—(weeping)—d—do—n't—try to stop me—I must have it out—I—I'm so happy. (Embraces NICHOLAS.) Oh lord!

Bro. (Shakes NOGGS by the hand.) Till-y, what dost think of Godseyther noo—I'm thinking he'll be wanting one for himself noo, eh lass?—ha! ha!

Nic. (To BROTHERS CHERRYBLE.) My heart is too full to thank you. (Advancing to the audience.) And what can I say to you,—my kind generous friends—may I venture to ask, to hope, that your approbation will still continue to attend "The Fortunes of Nicholas Nickleby?"

THE END.

Disposition of Characters.

R.

L.

NOG. KATE. F. CHE. MAD. MRS. N. N. CHE. NIC. CHE. MRS. B. F. C.